

DANFORTH CLAIMS MANY DELEGATES.

Friends Say He Leads in the Race for Gubernatorial Nomination.

RIVAL FOR ROOSEVELT.

Danforth Said to Have More Delegates Than Other Candidates.

Chairman Elliot Danforth, of the Democratic State Committee, returned from a trip to the interior of the State yesterday. He visited Madison, Chenango, Broome, Delaware and other counties, and found Democrats hard at work and thoroughly convinced that victory in November is probable. Before and during his absence Democratic conventions to select delegates to the Syracuse convention have been held in over half the counties in the State.

Mr. Danforth's friends claim that he has more delegates to-day back of his candidacy for Governor than any of his rivals, with Robert C. Titus, of Erie, second. Danforth is given sixty-one votes of the 111 delegates thus far elected. They hail from these counties: Chenango, Broome, Rockland, Essex, Madison, Sullivan, Chautauque, Herkimer, Jefferson, Schoharie, Tioga, Seneca, Franklin, St. Lawrence, Tompkins and Washington.

Titus has the twenty-four votes from Erie, and enough scattering to give him at least thirty; James K. McGuire has the twelve votes from Onondaga; Frank Campbell the six from Steuben, and John B. Stanchfield the three from Chemung. Should Roosevelt P. Flower become a candidate he would naturally take the six votes of Jefferson, his home county, away from Danforth. Should D. Cady Herick recall his letter of declination he would have the nine votes of Albany and the nine of Rensselaer probably as a nucleus.

All the candidates are awaiting with great anxiety the September conventions in the Greater New York when one hundred and eighty delegates are to be chosen. The Tammany conventions are to be on September 6. The Kings County conventions will probably meet then or soon thereafter. The candidates for Governor who gets a majority of the delegates from the Greater New York is pretty sure to be nominated. None of them has as yet right to claim any of them, though naturally Senator Murphy, Richard Croker and Hugh McLaughlin will have a deal to say as to how they will be thrown.

HEROIC FIREMAN SAVES A CHILD.

James Richardson, Standing on the Cowcatcher, Lifts a Little Girl from the Track.

Jersey Shore, Penn., Aug. 22.—Taking his life in his hands, James Richardson, a fireman on the Beech Creek Railroad, whose home is in this place, this morning heroically snatched a child from in front of the cowcatcher of a fast locomotive near Peale, and is now the hero of the town. Richardson was on an early run to Clearfield this morning, and as the train was approaching Peale he went out through the cab window, and, walking along the running board, commenced to clean the brass on the front part of the locomotive. While looking up the track he was horrified to see a little girl in the centre of the track absolutely unconscious of the approaching train. Richardson jumped down on the front of the cowcatcher, reached far out and was just able in the very nick of time to seize the child by her dress and lift her clear of danger up to a place of safety.

Richardson took the child into the cab, and the train was stopped in order to place her in care of the station master at Peale.

LIFE SAVED BY BABY CARRIAGE.

It Broke Little Max Spelker's Four-Story Fall and He Escaped Unhurt.

Among the other twenty or more families living in the tenement No. 47 Attorney street are the Spelkers, who are on the fourth floor. The youngest of the somewhat numerous family is six-year-old Max, who was permitted last night to play in the hall. Several of the pickets in the hall were missing, and his mother warned him not to go too close to the edge. But the child did not heed, and fell through to the first floor. The mother screamed, and running to the railstrade, looked over. Instead of lying mangled and dead at the bottom, "Maxie" was coming back up.

A Mrs. Rosenstein, on the first floor, had left her new baby carriage in the hall. The child in falling struck it squarely, and the steel springs broke his fall and bounced him out on the floor. He was not hurt.

MYSTERY OF A SUNKEN YACHT.

No One Saw the Yacht Wrecked in the Sound Off Whitestone.

The schooner yacht *Truant* lies beneath ten feet of water off Old Point, on the Fort Schuyler side of the channel opposite Whitestone. What happened to the *Truant* is not known. All that can be seen of her is her mast, which is out of water. It is thought her crew escaped, as there is no insignia flying from her masthead. The yacht is a stranger here. She probably ran on the reef while making a tack.

Chicago Never Lets Go.

"What has become of that drop of thirty degrees in temperature?" inquired the perspiring citizen.

"The one that I predicted was coming from Chicago," asked the New York weather prophet. "Yes, sir. You said it was due last night." "It was due. But you wouldn't expect a town like Chicago to give up anything as valuable as a cold wave, would you?"—Washington Star.

Business Enterprise.

Silent Partner—What do you expect to do with all this rusty barbed wire fencing?

Connecticut Merchant—Oh, I don't know. There's going to be a demand for pieces of iron when the Cuban trochas for relics after a while, ain't there?—Chicago Tribune.

Death of Fat Men's President.

John A. P. Pick, formerly president of the Fat Men's Association, will be buried to-day at home at Richmond Hill, Queens Borough. He died on Saturday, aged sixty-two years.

William H. Reynolds, of Brooklyn,

is a noted real estate man. He says: "I have used all other newspapers, but I find the Journal the most valuable for advertising."

MARIE PARCELLO PROTESTS THAT SHE IS NOT DEAD.



Miss Marie Parcello, Who Is Not Dead.

Went Out Yachting Instead of Sailing on La Bourgogne.

SHE HAS JUST COME BACK.

Angry When She Learned That She Was Dead and Found Her Friends in Black.

HARK from the bottom of the sea the voice of Miss Marie Parcello, concert singer, whose friends and relatives have been mourning her as one of the victims of the Bourgogne disaster. Miss Parcello is back in New York, fair and saucy, with the brown of the sea breeze on her face and the flush of vengeance in her eyes. She is trying to find out how she was dead when she was alive.

Miss Parcello, who has a studio in Carnegie Music Hall, and has "Wednesdays" printed on the lower left hand corner of her card, has a divine voice and an engaging presence. She made up her mind about the time La Bourgogne sailed that she would take a yachting trip. She did take a yachting trip.

But, peculiarly enough, the French line people gave out in their list of the lost on

La Bourgogne the name of "Mrs." Parcello. This misled Mahion Chance, who writes for a living. He thought that inasmuch as the name of "Mrs." Parcello immediately followed the name of Miss Edith Patten, who he had heard, had sailed on La Bourgogne, and who was a friend of his family, that the woman had sailed together. Miss Patten is an artist, with a studio in Carnegie Hall. Her friend was Miss Parcello. It was natural to suppose that they had sailed together, and so Mr. Chance told the reporters. It became known about that Miss Parcello had gone to the bottom, although it was discovered later that Miss Patten had not sailed on La Bourgogne.

Upon receiving news of the death of Miss Parcello all the relatives of the young woman went into decline. It appears that they did not know whether she was on La Bourgogne or not. They thought she was dead and had been wearing mourning for her. News of her death was copied in the Paris papers, she says, and her friends over there just cried their eyes out.

On Saturday Miss Parcello came home. Where had she been? On a yachting tour. What yacht? She wouldn't say. Where did it go? It did not touch land at all and she received no letters or cablegrams.

All she found out when she got home was that she was dead. She discovered that Mr. Chance had something to do with the story and hurried to his home, at No. 25 Manhattan avenue. She caught Mr. Chance in the act of moving to Brooklyn. Mr. Chance succeeded in explaining that the story was a mistake, and that she was not dead, and that she was not on La Bourgogne.

Mr. Chance is on the war path. If anybody who knows who put Miss Parcello's name in the newspapers as among the lost of La Bourgogne will call at her studio he will experience conversation and promise of money following a ring at the bell.

RUFFIANS RULE AT HAVERSTRAW.

Desperadoes Waylay and Rob Brickyard Workmen.

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GARCIA TELLS WHAT CUBANS DID

Fought Side by Side with Americans and Obeyed Shafter's Orders.

LEADERS IN FULL ACCORD.

Cuban General Says Nothing to Indicate Any Reason for Complaint.

The Cuban Junta in this city yesterday received an exhaustive statement from General Calixto Garcia, the Cuban Commander. It covers all of the latter's operations in Cuba from June 8, the time he received orders to co-operate with the American forces.

There is nothing in his recital to indicate that General Garcia felt slighted by General Shafter in not receiving an invitation to enter Santiago.

It was on June 6 that he received word from General Miles asking that the Cuban forces act with those from the United States in a combined attack on Santiago, and General Garcia declares he promptly ordered all of his armed forces to move forward at once. Then the General describes his several interviews with General Miles, Admiral Sampson and General Shafter, and his account is intended to show that General Shafter and he were in perfect accord as to the operations of the two forces.

General Shafter, the Cuban commander declares, accepted his plan for landing the American troops and attacking Santiago.

"I must also declare," he adds, "that my object in moving my forces on Santiago and meeting the Admiral of the United States Navy was to obey the orders I received from the Council of the Government to obey and respect the orders and instructions of the commanders of the United States Army, on their commencing operations in the territory under my command."

Then General Garcia proceeds to tell in the greatest detail of the operations of the Cuban army which led up to the attacks on El Caney and San Juan Hill.

"In my conference with Admiral Sampson and Major-General Shafter," he goes on, "we decided that I should embark with 3,000 men at Aguacate, near Palma, and on the 25th began to embark. These forces formed three distinct columns, respectively commanded by Major-General Capote and General of Division Cobres and Lora, and Brigadier-General Sanchez Hecheverria, and the whole force was under the immediate command of Major-General Jesus Rabi."

The statement then goes on to describe the landing, done under the direct advice of the Cuban commander, as he says, and of the movements of the Americans and Cubans and their relative positions up to the final and victorious attacks.

At the beginning of the attack on Santiago, he says, there were 15,000 Americans ashore and 4,000 Cubans, the latter under his immediate command.

"On the 9th of July," the General writes, "General Shafter and myself had completed the plan of attack, and I received the order to march on the morning with my forces toward Santiago, which he himself would do that same day. On the 9th I encamped with my forces at El Salado, four and a half miles from Santiago. At the same point General Shafter established his headquarters."

General Garcia then described the position taken by the Cubans in the attack on the morning of July 11, and the orders, which he says, he received from General Shafter, and the reinforcements at Holguin would enable the Cubans to take the city.

Then he tells how he covered all the approaches, and the rear guard on August 1, when the Spaniards sent a letter to retire to Holguin, fearing that reinforcements at Holguin would enable the Cubans to take the city.

After the final surrender he had no further orders from General Miles or General Shafter, he says, and he accordingly retired with his forces to their respective territories.

YACHTSMAN CRAZY FROM CIGARETTES

Millionaire Hassett's Son Went Mad and Tried to Smash Everything on Board.

David Hassett, twenty-eight years old and the son of a rich resident of Greenport, L. I., had everything worth living for, but he destroyed his health by smoking cigarettes.

On board his yacht *Madeline* he started from Greenport last Thursday, meaning to make a cruise of several days. He continued to smoke cigarettes from the moment he awoke in the morning to the moment when sleep overtook him at night. The yacht was off Newport on Saturday morning when its owner began to rave and destroy everything within reach. The skipper found that he had a madman to deal with. All the handsome cabin fittings were smashed, and Hassett turned the yacht into a bedlam.

In response to signals of distress an artilleryman of Battery A, of the Seventh, put out to the *Madeline*, and after a desperate struggle he made the young yachtsman a prisoner. Yesterday he was returned under escort to the home of his father.

PHILIP WILL COMMAND FLEET.

During the Absence of Sampson and Schley He Will Be the Highest Officer.

Washington, Aug. 22.—Commodore Philip, of the Texas, is to be the commanding officer of the North Atlantic fleet during the absence of Admirals Sampson and Schley in Cuba and Porto Rico. The Navy Department arrived at this decision to-day, and the selection of Commodore Philip is designed to show to a still further extent the admiration by the Administration of his gallant conduct during the campaign in the Cuban waters.

Neither Rear Admiral Sampson nor Schley will be detached from their commands while serving on the Cuban and the Porto Rican Commissions. Their absence from the fleet will only be temporary.

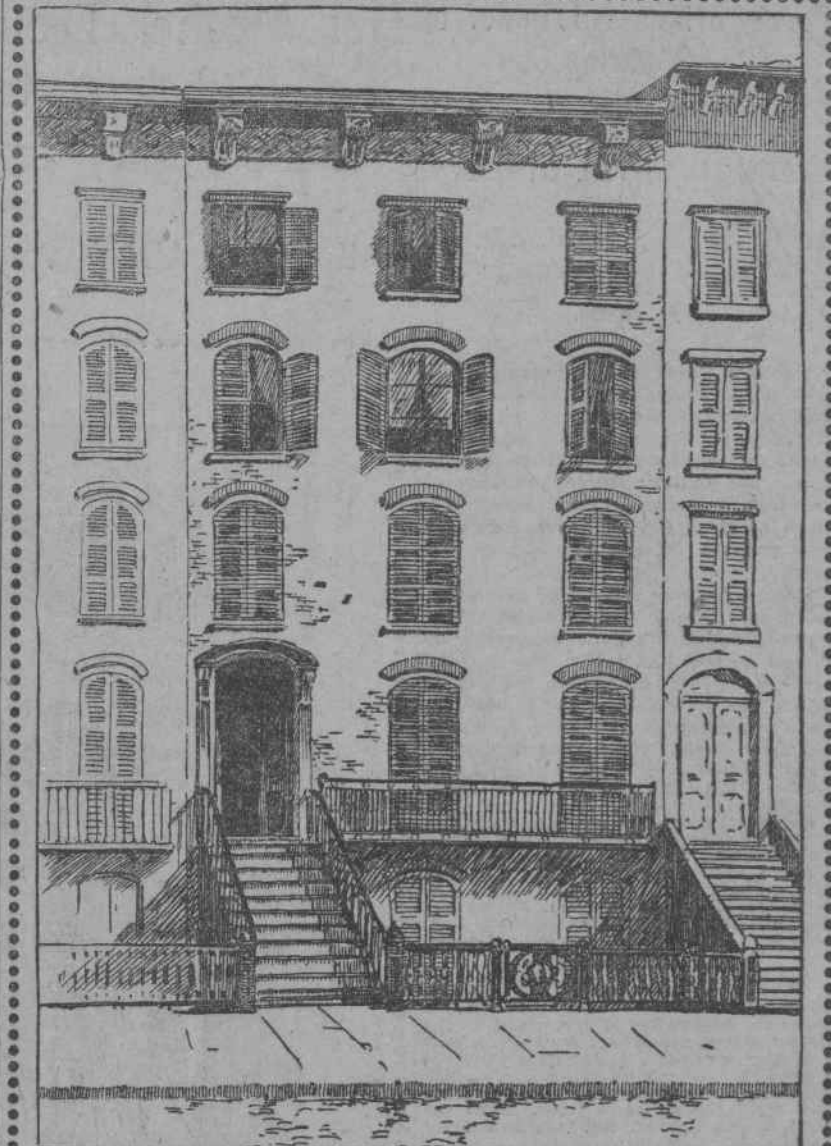
While the selection is an honor to Commodore Philip, it is merely nominal. Questions relating to vessels of the fleet will be referred to him only when they are not at the Navy Yard. When there the ships will be under the direct command of Admiral Bunce, the commodore.

CHOKED TO DEATH AT DINNER.

A piece of meat lodged in his trachea, and windpipe, last night, caused the death of Nathan Lenson, at his home, No. 360 Madison street. He was at dinner at the time, surrounded by his family. They made every effort to dislodge the fragment of food, but without success. Dr. Berger, of Gouverneur Hospital, was called, but arrived too late.

Lenson was a marble polisher, sixty-eight years old. He leaves a large family of grown-up children.

CLEWS TO THE YOUNG HEIRESS WHOM YOUNG PARENTS SEEK



Dr. Campbell's Hospital in Sixteenth Street.

It was there that a girl was born fourteen years ago whose parents now seek her and have advertised in many newspapers. Soon after her birth she was adopted by strangers and now lives in ignorance of her real parents.

Communications Reach the Executors, Who Advertise for Her.

DR. CAMPBELL'S SEARCH.

The Babe Was Adopted from a Hospital and Never Knew Her Real Parents.

IN these columns were given yesterday the details of a mysterious advertisement for an heiress. The names of the persons directly interested were still unknown last night. But these facts were established:

There is a girl of fourteen years whose father and mother have looked at her only lovingly. Their arms were always open to her, their hearts were never tired of her. They are to her all that is sweet, kind, tender, joyful. She recalls the paths where in it always seemed natural to her to gather flowers, wherein they walked in front of her to cast out the stones that might hurt her. Their cherished images appear to her graver than they seemed to be then, and more sacred—for she understands.

The girl of fourteen years saw a cloud on her mother's face, read over her shoulder impulsively an advertisement which told of the adoption of a child from No. 146 West Sixteenth street, this city. The advertisement contained the information that the child is now an heiress. Executors at Fairfield, Conn., seek her.

The girl said impulsively: "Oh, how sad it is!" and hushed a cry on her mother's lips. Her mother is not the one who embraces her now. The secret of her birth the little girl of fourteen years does not know, may never know.

Married Glandestinely.

The one who is her mother in reality, not her mother by adoption, was married clandestinely to the son of a wealthy planter of Florida. She was eighteen years of age, he twenty. Their parents were opposed to their love. Their parents were enemies like Montag and Capulet. Her father traced his lineage to the Huguenots.

Her husband's father was of an old English family that lived in France at the time of the religious wars. Their parents quarreled about a matter of business, but the hatred was graver than a business quarrel. Perhaps they inherited the violent passions of the time of the St. Bartholomew massacre.

The young woman was passionately happy at the thought that her first child would come to her at the end of March, in the first days of Spring. Then her husband expected to take her with him to his father's plantation. The young woman's father took his daughter to a hospital.

Husband's Vain Search.

The child was born, the mother saw her daughter exactly as she expected she would

be and talked of her after a week as she would talk of her after a month or a year. She was happy. The young mother's husband searched for her in vain for six months.

He knew that she was not dead—nothing clear. Her father advertised in a newspaper that there was a child for adoption in a hospital. At the end of April when the mother, whom her seclusion had made gravely ill, awoke to a realization of her condition, her daughter had been adopted by a woman whose name and address were unknown to her. She was publicly married and went to Florida with her husband.

They live in luxury there, here and abroad. They have other children whom they love, but their mother's forehead is always clouded and she weeps incessantly. The brother and sister of the elder one, abandoned at birth, have never had the father's sentiment that one's mother is the incarnation of security. Their mother is frail, anxious, disquiet, afraid of every calamity that might befall them. They cannot soothe her and himself. If they cannot find their first-born child he knows well that his wife will lose her mind.

She is not thirty-three years of age and her hair is almost white. Grief has doubtless every day of her life in fourteen interminable years.

Dr. James P. Campbell, in whose hospital on Sixteenth street the child was born, lives in Bridgeport, Conn., now and is settled. He inserted the advertisement.

Three Answers Received.

Three answers in different handwriting have been received at the Fairfield (Conn.) Post Office. Two are in sealed envelopes, one is on a postal card. All have the New York post mark. Not even Dr. Campbell has called for them. He is the "executors" mentioned in the advertisement. There is no other person interested in the case at Fairfield or at Bridgeport.

He came to New York yesterday. His successor, Dr. Foulk, said last night: "Dr. Campbell keeps his own counsel, would be useless to try to obtain from him the least clew as to the identity of the advertiser. I do not know who they are."

To one who was his friend when he lived in New York and advertised a great deal Dr. Campbell said yesterday: "I have learned nothing definite. I am very much in the dark as ever. And yet I have now, simpler than ever, the conviction that the child is ignorant of her origin, and that her parents will not tell her of it, save at the last extremity."

WEST POINT CADETS ON THE MARCH

Put Up Their Tents at the Peekskill State Camp for the Night.

Camp Townsend, Peekskill, Aug. 22.—The West Point cadets made their practice march from Garrison to the camp this morning. There were about 225 cadets, being all of the corps except six, who were on the sick list. The men were not in heavy marching order, but carried haversack, canteen, rifle and field belt.

A company of the cadets threw up an intrenchment near Battery Hill this evening. Here they were attacked by the other three companies, and finally driven back and the intrenchment captured. The cadets will march home to-morrow.

A Distinction.

"Did I understand you, sah, by Ged, sah, to say I had a rubrah neck, sah?"

"Oh, dear, no, Colonel; I said it was waterproof."

"Ah! I beg yo' pardon, sah."—Indianapolis Journal.

Do Not Suffer from
**Indigestion,
Biliousness,
Dyspepsia,**

Headache, Pains in different parts of the body, Melancholy, Languor and Depression

When
Kutnow's Improved Effervescent Powder
Will Bring You Relief.

A palatable preparation manufactured from the waters of the famous European Mineral Springs, possessing all their effectiveness minus their nauseousness, saving you the trouble and expense connected with a trip abroad.

Refuse substitutes; they are worthless. Sold by all druggists.

KUTNOW BROS.,
18 ASTOR PLACE, New York City.

MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.
Kutnow's Improved Effervescent Powder, the Favorite Remedy of Europe's Famous Statesmen.

A FREE TRIAL.
Upon receipt of this coupon Kutnow Bros., 18 Astor Place, New York City, will send you free and postpaid, a sample of Kutnow's Improved Effervescent Powder.

Name _____
Address _____
N. Y. C. _____

PRODIGAL SON FED ON POISON.

It Was Self-Administered on His Father's Porch.

HAD ROBBED HIS SISTER.

May Be an Invalid All His Life, but His Offense Is Forgiven.

Albert Barrow's head was filled with music and romance. The small obligations of life did not disturb him. Fresh from his studies at Heidelberg and Munich, he was a spendthrift in a small way, and found himself quite incapable of appreciating little domestic economies.

"I want to go to Glen Island, and I'm broke," he said on Saturday to his sister, Daisy. "Have you got any money?"

"Yes," she replied. "You can go upstairs and take half a dollar out of my pocket-book."

There was \$7 in Miss Barrow's pocket-book. Her brother took it all, and spent it all.

When he returned in the evening to his father's home at No. 11 Woodbury street, New Rochelle, he was not in the least abashed. Indeed, he was much astonished when his sister upbraided him and said she would tell their father.

George Barrow is a thorough business man. He holds a confidential position with the Knickerbocker Press Company. Although he was willing to educate his son for the profession of music, he is severely practical and very scrupulous in regard to money matters.

He turned upon his son severely. "Haven't I done enough for you?" he exclaimed. "Haven't I sent you across the ocean to study music at great expense? Is this the thanks I receive? You are a disgrace! I am ashamed of you, and want have you in my house!"

Young Barrow, who is only seventeen, made no defence. He went to a drug store in Huguenot street and said: "I want an ounce of oxalic acid to clean my straw hat." Returning home, he mixed the poison with a little water and drank it, sitting on the back stoop. At midnight the elder Barrow found his son lying there, senseless.

The young musician was bundled into bed, and it was not long before a doctor was working over him with emetics and a stomach pump. For hours his life hung in the balance, but at length he delighted his father and mother and sister—who had long since forgotten his misdeeds by recovering consciousness. It is not thought likely that he will die, but it is tolerably certain that he will be an invalid for life, so destructive was the action of the acid upon his stomach.

Daisy Barrow is nursing her brother with devotion.

Only One Washington.

"Papa," protested the boy, as a last resort, "I cannot tell a lie!"

The old man sneered coldly. "However," he replied, "I would rather be right than the grandfather of my country!"

Accordingly he did not take his son to his bosom, but to the washbasin.

This fable teaches you that you don't have to wait till February to make cracks along these lines.—Detroit Journal.

WHO SHAVES YOU?

Blood Poisoning and Barbers' Itch.

BOARDS OF HEALTH should have their ATTENTION

drawn to this important subject. Never let a barber touch your face with a razor unless it is thoroughly sterilized and all GERMS destroyed.

Do you wish to be inoculated with the dread diseases of others? Use and insist upon your barber using our NEW

Pasteur Prophylactic Razor Strip.

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED. Prepared by a secret process, rendering the blade immune to all disease germs. A great discovery for suffering men! The leather out of which this strip is manufactured, after years of experiment, is also guaranteed to possess the most remarkable SHARPENING properties of any in use, and to protect ourselves from unjust and worthless imitations, we are obliged to withhold from the public the animal from which the skin is taken.

Price, \$2.50, complete, carriage prepaid. We have our own tannery and also manufacture the following well-known brands of razor strips: **RED LION HIDE, \$2.50; BUTTERFLY HIDE, \$1.75; WALDUS HIDE, \$2.00; SHARK HIDE, \$1.50; HORSE HIDE (cheap), genuine, 50 cents; guaranteed genuine horse hide and washing, 35c., 50c., 75c., \$1.00 and \$1.50, according to quality.**

Special prices to trade. We are also manufacturers of all kinds of Glove and Shoe Leather, especially cut to order. **WILLIAM T. BUCKEY**, universally pronounced to be the best leather of its kind ever produced.

SAML. BLOOM & SONS, Tanners,

Office 106 Clay St., San Francisco.

Works: Army St., near San Bruno Road.

THE WELLINGTON TYPEWRITER No. 2.

is a machine that will not double its cost in necessary repairs like the standard machines that sell for \$100.

Lately improved machinery, mechanical skill, and only the best materials are used in construction. These facilities, ample capital and long experience enable us to produce a typewriter of superior quality at a price that possesses all the advantages of a machine of a more expensive make, and is free from all defects. A powerful motor, universal joint, perfect action, universal keyboard, compact, reliable, valuable writing.

10 DAYS' TRIAL FREE to any respectable person wishing to test the machine. Send for full catalogue.

The Williams Mfg. Co. Ltd., Box 22, Plattburgh, N.Y. Agents for Greater New York: **DUNN & LEON & CO.**, 299 Broadway, N.Y., and 1215 Bedford ave., Brooklyn.

FOR NATIONAL CLEANLINESS

JAMES PYLE'S PEARLINE

Millions use Pearline. It's in every town and hamlet.